

My Team Loses

and I restage  
incidents which

might have gone  
another way.

But, get over it,  
being a tepid 5 on  
the Fan Scale. 10s

weep and gnash, forever  
resembling let-  
down patriots. Well,

the mouthier variety.  
New Haven Arena once:  
an old man refusing to rise

for National Anthem and  
viciously menaced by  
a trio of drunks. Is he res-

olute or ill? Fortunately, hockey  
game flashes into life. Actually,

a drunk makes the best patriot.  
In initial fervor.

After berating your pansy diffidence,  
he suddenly crawls in apology,

then bawls over an unjust rain  
of personal tragedies always re-

sponsibility of others. Must be,  
at any rate, a parade some-

where. Or mercurials  
anxious to start one.